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The Intelligencer.
WHEELING, MARCH 13, 1894.

Election Frauds Under Police Protection.

The committee of the New York senate which has undertaken an investigation of the police department of the "metropolis," has not gone very far in its work, but it must be satisfied by this time that the police department is Tammany's right hand in the commission of election frauds.
Witnesses of the highest standing have testified to the most shameless and open violation of the election laws by Tammany men, the police being present, knowing what was going on and aiding and abetting it. The police would not interfere with any Tammany man who was breaking the law. If a Republican or Independent Democratic watcher called attention to Tammany doings he was thrown out or taken to the police station.
General Charles H. T. Collis, who acted as a Republican watcher in 1892, testified to Tammany efforts to put him away from the polls. He saw a list of names made up, taken outside and given to repeaters who were waiting to do the work. He saw the same men at other places. The police saw the same men, knew what they were for and what they would certainly do if not interfered with, and the police did not interfere with them. General Collis saw Tammany men go into the booths and fix the tickets of the repeaters. The police saw it, too, but they were there to protect Tammany, not to spoil its game.
It is estimated that in this way Tammany got in from 12,000 to 20,000 fraudulent votes. If it were not for the police protection Tammany could not do the figure it does in New York politics. It may be that the present legislature will find a way to reform this feature of police work.
Don't be deluded into taking off your winter underwear—unless you wish to take on a springtime pneumonia.

Stead as a Record Breaker.

Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens and the lesser foreign lights who have done us the honor to visit this country pen in hand are outdone by Stead. These missionaries touched us up here and there. Stead takes the hide old Chicago, dissects the body, powders the bones and subjects the flesh to a searching quantitative and qualitative analysis. All this he does in book form, besides helping many societies and lots of individuals to attend to their own business, and has come and gone in the short space of a third of a year.
There is a disposition to misjudge Stead. He is charged with coming to this country to reform persons and things, especially in Chicago. This is a singular misconception of the object of this eminent English bushwhacker's visit. He came to make a sensation and to open the way for a book that will sell. If his heart yearned for reform work to do and that only, he would have remained in London, by his own admission the ripest field since Sodom and Gomorrah.
It is sad to think that in the four months Stead has been devoting to Chicago London has had to get along without him and will be just that much worse off when he resumes business at the old stand.

WARD McALLISTER sneers at Reformer Stead.

It might have been different if Mr. Stead had included Mr. McAllister in his missionary work.

As We Were Saying.

Nobody who has watched the development of the Democratic fiscal scheme can have any doubt as to one or two points of it. First of all, the tariff bill passed by this Congress, whatever that bill may be, is not intended to be the Democratic party's last word on that question for some years to come. It is not the purpose of the leaders to "let it go at that."
The tariff act of 1894 will be the beginning of a series of Democratic tariff acts based on decreasing duties—provided the Democratic party be given the continuing opportunity. The framers of the Wilson bill did not feel at liberty to go as far as they wished to go and as far as the Democratic national convention commanded them to go. They thought it better to get the wedge well in now, intending to drive it to the splitting point later.
The New York Journal of Commerce, by no means an organ of "the robber barons," says that one of the objects of the income tax "is to facilitate further large reductions of tariff duties one or

two years hence." This is substantially what the INTELLIGENCER said of the income tax scheme in the beginning.
The increase in existing internal revenue duties is on the same line—to run the government with as little reliance as possible on customs revenue, so that protection as a system may be knocked in the head, and so that the incidental protection Democrats used to shout for may be as accidental and as rare as Democratic ingenuity can make it.

Near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, the Poles are tormented by a young girl of their race, Yagota Yagaska by name, in whom they have detected the evil eye. The story of her fatal power reads like a chapter from Thophile Gautier's "Jettatura," an Italian story of this strange superstition.

Where It Hits.

Rev. Dr. Greer's effort to help those of New York's needy who have household effects to pledge for ready money is meeting with a prompt response from all kinds of persons. Who some of these persons are and why they are glad to turn to a pawnshop conducted on philanthropic principles is told by the Herald:

The number of boarding house keepers who have applied for loans is legion. They say that there is no demand for their rooms, because all their former patrons are now sleeping in the station houses. The few men who remain to keep their rooms in arrears, as they are out of work. The boarding house keepers are obliged to stand of their landlords, and in return the landlords are also hard up.
Men and women of all trades have received benefits from this bureau in the last days since its opening, and also persons having no trade, who have been accustomed in better times to live on the interest of their money.
One lady who has plenty of valuable property and has been accustomed to devote from \$50 to \$100 a month to the living expenses of herself and two children, found herself entirely cut off from funds and asked for a loan until April to tide her over until her interest of bonds and mortgages was due. A poor piano tuner who in the winter has been accustomed to make from \$10 to \$15 a day, was also a successful applicant for a loan. He says that times have been so hard in his line that people having pianos preferred to play on them out of tune rather than go to the expense of employing a tuner.

Not only those who work for wages, not only those who are in a little business on their own account, but persons who thought their incomes beyond the reach of any change in the national economic policy—all in the same boat, their distress differing only with the special circumstances of each case.

The fact is, nobody knows where this sort of a cyclone will strike, though it may be accepted as a certainty that very few can escape. An income tax that is "fixed" in time of general prosperity easily becomes something very different in such times as these. If the men who voted for these times enjoy them they are probably quite satisfied with what they helped to bring about.

Of course there is wickedness in Chicago and lots of it; but it seems like a trifling with serious things for a London man to devote four months of his precious time to the work of reforming Chicago. The impudence of the thing is as sublime as a Niagara Falls ice gorge.

The President and the Bland Scheme.

From Washington comes the disquieting rumor that if the bill to issue paper money against the alleged silver seigniorage be presented to the President he will sign it. We shall believe this story when the President shall have affixed his signature to the dishonest and monstrous measure.

The reasons given for the President's change of front are his fear that the bill would be passed over his veto; that the silver men might do something worse; and that the veto might make further trouble in the Democratic party. The President's responsibility is for the proper discharge of his own duty. If Congress go wrong that is not his fault. What worse the silver men can do does not appear.

The proposition of the seigniorage bill is to put out \$55,000,000 representing a profit that does not exist and is based on something which would not belong to the government if it did exist. Every ounce of the silver in the treasury bought under the act of 1890 is pledged to the holders of the notes issued under that act. There has been a loss on every ounce of it, on the whole a loss of \$43,000,000.

The fact is that the seigniorage bill is a cheat and a fraud from beginning to end. It is not really a silver bill at all, for there is no silver to base the proposed issue on. It is a bill to issue \$55,000,000 more—under a reasonable interpretation twice that amount—of paper money unsupported by any of the precious metal except, of course, as the government undertakes to try to keep all its money at par by redeeming it in gold.

How long the government could stand up to this if it were to resort to an issue of paper money every time it is short of cash for current needs, is a question which concerns every business man and every wage-earner as well as the public credit.

The Hibernians of Brooklyn brand as a "cruel and unpatriotic insult" the refusal of the mayor to allow the Irish flag to float from the city hall on St. Patrick's day. The mayor is entirely right. This is the United States of America and we have a flag of our own.

Diseased Cattle.

The INTELLIGENCER's talk with a veterinary surgeon on tuberculosis in cattle should stir up the authorities to some action. To drink milk from cows so diseased, to use the butter, cheese or flesh, is to run a risk which nobody would incur if he knew what he was doing.

The veterinarian interviewed by the INTELLIGENCER knows it to be a fact that there is tuberculosis in herds from which milk is supplied to Wheeling consumers. The obvious remedy is an intelligent and thorough inspection of the herds. This would cost something, but money is not so precious as human life.

A voracious lawyer got Col. Tom Ochiltree on the witness stand and made life a burden to him. Then came a challenge signed with the gallant colonel's name. The young lawyer was ready to give satisfaction in any form most agreeable

to the ex-Texas. Col. Ochiltree says he sent no challenge and is not a fighting man. This should reassure all Gotham. Col. Ochiltree has taken down his sign.

LORD ROSEBERRY gives due notice that the Irish programme is not to be abandoned; neither is the war on the house of lords. Good for Roseberry. May his shadow never grow less.

BREAKFAST BUDGET.

An authority says that the number of people employed in this country's railroads is not above 700,000, and that it would be 200,000 greater if times were better. An increase of a fraction of a cent per ton per mile in the average freight rate would enable the roads to support thousands of men who are now idle.

Charles Murray, who attempted suicide in the Xenia, O., jail, while waiting for death which he expected, confessed having killed two old people near there. They had given him a home, but he murdered them for money. He had been tried for the crime, but in default of evidence was acquitted.

A lunar rainbow was seen recently at Durham, N. C. While a slight shower was falling the moon shone brightly in the east, and outlined against a dark western cloud was seen a silvery bow, very bright and clear, for some minutes. It gradually faded with the disappearance of the cloud.

After the mayor of Emporia, Kan., voted an ordinance against cigarettes the council passed it over his head. The mayor holds that the ordinance is unconstitutional, but offered to sign if the aldermen individually would indemnify the city against damages.

The new house that Joseph Jefferson is building at Buzzards Bay to replace "Crows Nest," destroyed by fire last Summer will be ready for occupancy in April. It is to cost \$60,000, and will be palatial in its furnishings and accommodations.

"Hundreds of patents are expiring nowadays." Now the ordinary layman can make his own tackhammer, boat-jack and rip-saw, handy tool combination, that never would work in collective union.

A New York exchange has an editorial under the caption, "Give McKane a Chance." It appears that McKane "took chances" and now suffers the result.

The new British torpedo destroyer Hornet on her recent speed trials exceeded 28 knots an hour, making her one of the swiftest vessels in the world.

There is talk in Washington of forming a magnificent park from that section of the reclaimed Potomac flats which lie below Long Bridge.

It is stated that "sugar is found more or less in nearly all vegetable substances"—likewise in the current Congress.

The sad news comes from London that the caricaturist of Punch has resigned and will start a new comic paper.

"One chop-house I have no use for," remarked the tramp as he shuddered by the charity woodpile.

The Chinese are a progressive people. According to their calendar this is the year 710343.

The aristocrat has no use for the dotted line—he inflicts capital punishment on his readers.

PERSONAL POINTS.

The teller of the Merchants' national bank of Middletown, Ohio, one of the richest country banks in the west and the depository of the great tobacco section of the Miami Valley, is Miss Louisa Smith, a remarkably pretty girl, and accounted one of the shrewdest bankers in Ohio.

Richard Latter, of London, has been for years cultivating the growth of his beard and it is now ten feet long. There is a similar type of the crank species in Missouri named Lagrand Larrow, whose flowing beard measures seven feet in length.

Lord Salisbury always rises early and takes a walk before breakfast. When at Hatfield he generally goes for three or four miles before the remainder of the family come down, and when in London has his constitutional in the Green Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Faulkner, of Henderson, N. C., do not regard themselves as old folks yet, although they are the parents of eighteen children, and have forty grandchildren living in various parts of the same state.

Miss Margot Tennant, sister of Mrs. H. M. Stanley, whose engagement to Mr. Asquith is announced, is a noted beauty. Her fiancé is the youngest member of the British cabinet.

Labouchere has been for the last two years threatening the great things he would do when Gladstone retired. But now that the event has transpired he finds himself powerless to do anything.

THE SONG OF THE SWAN.

New York Sun.
And the great white swan
From Fanciful sound,
Wounded, pale and wan,
Died from Grover's wound,
And dying it sang:
Till the low shores rang!

"Honk! honk!" in my lily-white breast
There's a hole as big as your hat;
And in various spots there are other shots;
I guess I'm a Democrat.

"Honk! honk!" in my long slim neck
I have got it as the fat,
Which makes me think, with my dying wink,
That I am a Democrat.

"Honk! honk!" in my soft pink eye
I have got a Grover spot;
Which makes me sigh, as I slowly die,
That I am a Democrat.

"Honk! honk!" one last honk more,
As I float off to the blue;
Oh, why was I born a swan, forlorn,
Instead of a sweet cuckoo?

And the great white swan
From Fanciful sound,
Wounded, pale and wan,
Died from Grover's wound.

We are all subject to pain occasionally and it is well to have a good liniment in the house, such as Salivation Oil. 25 cents.

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There never was a time when so many of our great and prominent persons have been cured by one and the same remedy, as have been reported in the papers of late, cured by that wonderful medical discovery, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Hon. Ex-Speaker Charles J. Folger, of the Massachusetts State and House of Representatives, has been cured by this remarkable medicine, and now we port the extraordinary cure of the illustrious Col. William A. H. Sillowaye, one of the noted officers of the war, of whom Secretary Stanton and Secretary Welles said in conference



COL. WM. A. H. SILLOWAYE.

with President Lincoln: "Colonel Sillowaye saved President Lincoln's life, and we consider him as great a hero as any in the service."
Colonel Sillowaye resides at 8 Pine street, Boston, Mass., where in an interview with him he talked very interestingly: "On the 19th of April, 1861, I enlisted in the army of the North. I weighed 162 pounds. After serving four years and eight months in the Army and Navy, and suffering from wounds and rheumatism, I was discharged. I weighed the day I was discharged 109 pounds. Every year I had attacks of nervous prostration; shortness of breath and the loss of appetite; were not the least of my misfortunes. I tried numerous things. Nothing did me any good.

"While employed in Boston I was compelled to resign my position on account of ill-health. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took their medicines. No use—I grew worse day after day. They told me I could not live. I could not walk alone in the street without falling or clinging to the railing. At times I would shake and twitch. Had spells of falling down in the office and on the street.

"In the house I had to lie down or drop down; several times I believed I was at death's door. I had been commander of three different G. A. R. Posts, and my comrades advised me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I took a bottle and when I had taken two-thirds of it I began to improve.
"I kept on taking it, improving all the time. I now weigh 150 pounds and feel like my old self again. You can put it in your paper that I attribute my good health to nothing but Dr. Greene's Nervura. I am perfectly satisfied that it saved my life. I am seventy-five years of age, but, as you can see for yourself, I am as active as a man of forty and can do a good day's work, as people here well know. My friends in Boston, New York and other places are surprised at my recovery. Indeed, I am surprised myself to be as well. I advise anybody afflicted to buy and try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy at once."

Such an astonishing cure as this in so prominent a personage as Col. Sillowaye, the personal friend of the President of the United States, Secretary Stanton and Secretary Welles, of President Lincoln's cabinet, is the highest and strongest recommendation which any remedy could possibly have.

It is a fact that this wonderful medicine is doing more good all over the land than any other known remedy. Everybody who has used it speaks in the highest terms of it. It is strengthening the weak, building up broken down constitutions and curing the sick and suffering everywhere.

Everybody requires a spring medicine and this is just what you need. Thousands of people, while not exactly sick, are out of order, weak, nervous, run down or ailing in some way. Many people at this season do not eat or sleep well, wake mornings tired, with bad taste in the mouth, dull feeling head and with- out strength or energy to take hold of their work. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure all this; it will make you well. It is the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 45 West Fourteenth street, New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Here is a peculiarity noted in one of our near-by churches: The deacon who takes up the collection invariably makes his announcement of the amount contributed as follows: "Dear brethren, there has been collected \$10.92 (or whatever the amount happens to be), including the fifty cents which I put in."—New London Day.

Bishop Lawrence's remark that it is not necessary for a young man to sow his wild oats upsets a superstition that is somewhat popular among parents. They should make an oat of it.—Boston Herald.

"It is as easy to write shorthand," says a fellow, "as it is to run into debt. In either case it is the notes that bother a fellow."—Boston Transcript.

A girl sometimes coaxes her lover not to spend so much money on her, but she doesn't have to coax him after they are married.—Atlantic Globe.

She—I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five ciphers in it. He (exultingly)—Oh, darling, mine's all ciphers.—Truth.

Nedders—What's a bon mot? Slowitz—Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.—Chicago Record.

It is remarkable how often the voice of God agrees with Dr. Talmage's business judgment.—Chicago Post.

"The matter is now dropped," said the sheriff, as he sprung the trap.—Lowell Courier.

"After all, free sugar's a bore," as the farmer said when he tapped the maple.—Plain Dealer.

About the only thing that senators seem to be able to pass is the wink.—Dallas News.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Lamb.

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